THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

Vol. III. *Saturday, May* 27, 1797. No. 121.

History of Miss MARIA WITTON *and Sir* WILLIAM STROTHER.

SIR William Strother, a young baronet with a very good eſtate in South-Wales, having been thrown from his horſe near the park-gate of Mr. Witton in Warwickſhire, was not only moſt humanely aſſiſted by that gentleman, but accommodated in the kindeſt manner at his old caſtle. Sir William in a ſhort time felt no inconveniencies from his fall; but found himſelf ſo happily ſituated, that he diſcovered no inclination to purſue his journey when he was in a riding condition.

The hoſpitable behaviour of Mr. Witton would, perhaps, have been ſufficient alone to render him too well pleaſed with his preſent ſituation, but the charms of his daughter, undoubtedly ſtrengthened his attachment to the caſtle; and both together operated ſo forcibly upon him, that he was utterly unable to tear himſelf from ſo enchanting a ſpot.

Miſs Witton's perſon was extremely pleaſing, but Sir William was captivated by thoſe beauties which are not at a firſt glance diſcoverable. With a clear and acute underſtanding, ſhe was poſſeſſed of many elegant accompliſhments, and ſo truly good natured, that the death of a bird (to the ſight of which ſhe had been accuſtomed) would draw tears from her eyes. She was almoſt nineteen, tall, and finely proportioned: ſhe had a genteel face, and a blooming complexion; and though every feature was full of ſenſe, ſhe was the picture of ſimplicity. To an excellent and exemplary mother, Maria was conſiderably indebted for many of the agreements by which ſhe every moment attracted Sir William's attention; and ſhe every moment ſaid or did ſomething to convince her amiable parents, that their affectionate and judicious inſtructions were not thrown away upon her.

Sir William was thoroughly ſenſible of Maria's merit as a daughter, as he was of her magnetic powers as a woman; and very rationally concluded, that ſuch a woman would make a valuable wife. He was three and twenty, with a ſtriking figure, and bright parts; highly accompliſhed, and formed to appear advantageouſly in the moſt faſhionable circle: fond of the gay world, he was, however, neither a libertine nor coxcomb, and prudently kept himſelf free from any connexions with the two ſexes, which might injure his honour, his health, or his fortune.

Mr. and Mrs. Witton, from what they had heard about Sir William before the accident he had met with had entitled him to a kind reception at the caſtle, as a fellow-creature in need of their aſſiſtance, and from the obſervations which they had made on his behaviour under their roof, were ſatisfied enough with his character and conduct to look upon an alliance with him as a deſirable thing: it was with great pleaſure, therefore, that they perceived Sir William's polite and delicate endeavours to make an impreſſion on Maria's tender heart, and that they diſcovered in her carriage a partiality for their very agreeable gueſt; a partiality which, though ſhe ſtrove to conceal it, ſhe could not hide either from him or them.

Sir William, though he thought he might depend upon the evidence of his eyes with regard to Miſs Witton's ſenſations in his favour, wiſhed to be aſſured, as ſo many of his friends had been deceived by appearances, that her gentle heart throbbed for him, ſeparated from his title and eſtate; and waited with impatience for that ſweet ſatisfaction, being reſolved to make an open avowal of his love, when his doubts were diſſipated, and, at the ſame time, to intreat her parents to conſent to their union.

The ſatisfaction which he impatiently wiſhed for, he in a few days received.

While he was walking in the garden towards the cool of the evening, in a penſive mood, he beheld on a ſeat in one of the alcoves to which he was directing his ſteps, a letter: on his near approach to it, he ſaw Maria's hand; the ſuperſcription was to Miſs Hawkins, the deareſt of her female friends. Impelled by a particular curioſity at that juncture to peruſe the contents of it, as it was addreſſed to that friend, he read it, for it was not ſealed, with avidity; he read it alſo with rapture.

To Miſs LUCY HAWKINS.

"You have not been miſinformed, my dear "Lucy, concerning Sir William Strother, for "he is really the moſt agreeable man I ever ſaw, "and ſeems to be every way an amiable cha"racter. As to what you ſay about your Ma"ria's heart, I cannot, I honeſtly confeſs, con"tradict your home aſſertion: this bewitching "man has, indeed, made an impreſſion upon it, "not eaſily, perhaps never, to be effaced. He "is extremely attentive to me, takes a great deal "of pains to recommend himſelf, and is but too "ſucceſsful for my peace. I am a ſimple crea"ture, Lucy, and ſometimes fancy that I am of "conſequence enough to make a diſturbance in "his breaſt. Were I but as neceſſary to his "happineſs as he is to mine, I ſhould be the moſt "contented girl in the world, but I dare not "expect ſuch felicity; for though he behaves to "me in a manner ſufficiently flattering to my "vanity before my father and mother, he ap"pears always ſo embarraſſed, and frequently "ſo dejected when we happen to be by our"ſelves, that I am naturally led to conclude he "is either actually in love with another, or ſo "entangled by a prior engagement, as not to "be at liberty to withdraw his addreſſes with "honour. Hoping to ſee you ſoon, I ſend you "but a ſhort letter now—Pray throw it into "the fire when you read it—I am almoſt aſham"ed—I am ſure I have bluſhed more than once "during the writing of it, to offer it to your "peruſal; but firmly relying on your friend"ſhip, I unboſom myſelf with my uſual un"reſerve.

"I am, my dear Lucy,

"Your's moſt affectionately,

"M. W."

Sir William, intoxicated with the diſcovery which he had made, could not help crying out, in ecſtatic accents, "charming angel: what a treaſure wilt thou be to the man who poſſeſſes thee!" when he had vented this exclamation, he quitted the alcove, put the letter in his pocket, and walked on, not in a leſs penſive mood, but with more pleaſing emotions than he had ever felt in his life.

Hearing the ſound of feet behind him, he returned briſkly, and beheld Maria, who had been to pay a viſit with her mother in the neighbourhood, tripping towards the ſpot which had produced ſo much delight to him.

He advanced immediately and found her upon the critical ſpot, crimſoned with bluſhes, and with ſtrong marks of confuſion in her countenance. Her bluſhes and her confuſion increaſed, when he, taking her hand, tenderly begged to be acquainted with the cauſe of her embarraſſment.

She made a ſhift to murmur out, "I have loſt a letter, Sir William," but could not look in his face while ſhe articulated thoſe few words.

Pitying the conflict between love and delicacy in her gentle boſom, he ſaid, preſſing her hand, "Was it to Miſs Hawkins, my dear Maria."

That queſtion, by juſtifying her ſuſpicions, threw her into ſuch a tremor that ſhe was ready to ſink to the ground; and ſhe probably, would have fallen, had he not ſupported her in his arms: her tongue was chained up, but her ſilence was in the higheſt degree ſatisfactory, as it forcibly confirmed every thing ſhe had written in his favour.

(To be continued.)

WORLDLY GREATNESS AND HONOURS,

WHEN enjoyed with temperance and wiſdom, both enlarge our utility, and contribute to our comfort. But we ſhould not over-rate them: for, unleſs we add to them the neceſſary correctives of piety and virtue, beſides corrupting the mind, and engendering internal miſery, they lead us among precipices, and betray us into ruin.

A SENTIMENTAL THOUGHT.

LINTON, a muſician belonging to the orcheſtra of Covent-garden theatre, was murdered by ſtreet-robbers, who were afterwards diſcovered and executed.

A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children; and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints.

"Theatre Royal, Convent-Garden.

For the benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

"The widow," ſaid Charity, whiſpering me in the ear, "muſt have your mite: wait upon her with a guinea, and purchaſe a box ticket."

"You may have one for five ſhillings," obſerved Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, ſlipped out.

"Yes," ſaid I, "ſhe ſhall have my five ſhillings."

Juſtice ſtared me in the face——

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Juſtice, "what are you about?—five ſhillings! If you pay but five ſhillings for going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And ſhall I owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the widow's houſe.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I ſaw Avarice turn the corner of the ſtreet, and I found all the money in my pocket graſped in my hand.——

"Is your mother at home, my dear," ſaid I, to a child who conducted me into a parlour.

"Yes," anſwered the infant, "but my father has not been at home for a great while:—that is his harpſichord, and that is his violin—he uſed to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a tune, my boy?" ſaid I.

"No, ſir," anſwered the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched, for ſince my father went abroad, muſic makes her cry, and then we all cry.

I looked on the violin—it was unſtrung.

I touched the harpſichord—it was out of tune.

Had the lyre of Orpheus ſounded in my ear, it could not have inſinuated to my heart thrills of ſenſibility equal to what I felt.

It was the ſpirit in uniſon with the fleſh.—

"I hear my mother on the ſtairs," ſaid the boy.

I ſhook him by the hand—"Give her this, my lad," ſaid I, and left the houſe.

It rained! I called a coach—drove to a coffee-houſe; but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a ſhilling at the bar.——

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Lines on Miſs K——H——R

What beauty decks Narciſſa's charming face,
What faſcination, and ſupernal grace!
What graceful ſymmetry adorns the fair,
What cherub animation in her air!
The mind enchanted dwells upon her charms,
And glowing fancy ſpreads the raptur'd arms!
What phrenzied bliſs her vivid ſmiles effuſe,
What inſpiration to the youthful muſe!
Yet who preſumptive ever durſt aſpire!
No check the impulſe of untam'd deſire:
Perfection claims the elevated mind,
Ethereal eſſence purified refind.

PAPIRIS.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

Continued.

LODOISKA now interrupts Miciſlas: "The place of my retreat ſhall be that of their flight, for I will accompany them every where."

Pulaſki repreſents to his daughter, that ſhe was not able to ſuſtain the fatigue incident to ſuch a long journey, and that beſides we ſhould be liable to continual dangers.

"The greater the peril is," replies ſhe, "the more I ought to partake it with you. You have repeated to me a hundred times, that the daughter of Pulaſki ought not to be an ordinary woman. For the laſt eight years I have conſtantly lived in the midſt of alarms; I have ſeen nothing but ſcenes of carnage and horror. Death has environed me on all ſides, and menaced me at every moment: will you not permit me to brave it now by your ſide? Is not the life of Lodoiſka connected with that of her father? Lovzinſki, will not the ſtroke that fells you to the ground ſend your wife to the grave? and am I no longer worthy——"

I now interrupt Lodoiſka, and join with her father, in ſtating the reaſons which determined us to leave her in Poland. She hears me with impatience: "Ungrateful man," exclaims ſhe at length, "will you fly without me?" You ſhall remain," replies Pulaſki, "with Lovzinſki's ſiſter's, and I prohibit you——".

His daughter, now frantic with grief, would not permit him to finiſh the ſentence.

"I know your rights, my father! I reſpect them; they ſhall always appear ſacred to me: but you do not poſſeſs that of ſeparating a wife from her huſband.

"Ah, pardon me! I ſee that I offend you—my reaſon no longer maintains its empire—

"But pity my grief—

"Excuſe my deſpair—

"My father! Lovzinſki! hear me, both of you; I am determined to accompany you every where!

"Yes, I will follow you every where, cruel men! I will follow you in ſpite of yourſelves!

"Lovzinſki, if your wife has loſt all the rights ſhe had over your heart, recollect at leaſt her who was once the miſtreſs of your affections.

"Recall to your remembrance that frightful night, when I was about to periſh in the flames; that terrible moment when you aſcended the burning tower, crying out, let me live or die with Lodoiſka!

"That which you felt at that terrible moment, I now experience! I know no greater evil than that of being ſeparated from you; and I now exclaim in my turn, let me either live or die with my father and my huſband!

"Unfortunate wretch! what will become of me, if you ſhould forſake me. Reduced to the cruel ſituation of bewailing you both, where ſhall I find a ſolace for my miſeries? Will my children conſole me? Alas! in two years death hath ſnatched four away from me; and the Ruſſians, equally pitileſs as death itſelf, have bereaved me of the laſt! I have only you remaining in the world, and even you wiſh to abandon me! my father! my huſband! Will ſuch dear connections as theſe be inſenſible to my ſufferings! Have compaſſion, take pity on your own Lodoiſka."

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Her tears now intercepted her ſpeech. Miciſlas wept; my heart was torn with anguiſh. "You are reſolved to accompany us, my daughter—be it ſo; I conſent," ſays Pulaſki, "but I wiſh that heaven may not puniſh me for my complaiſance!"

Lodoiſka now embraces us both with as much joy as if all our ills had been at an end. I leave two letters with Miciſlas, which he undertook to tranſmit according to the direction: the one was addreſſed to my ſiſters, and the other to Boleſlas. I bade them adieu, and I recommended to them, to neglect no means to endeavour to recover my dear Lodiſka!

It was neceſſary that I ſhou diſguiſe my wife—ſhe aſſumes a maſculine dreſs; we change our own, and we employ all the means in our power to diſfigure ourſelves in ſuch a manner as to elude reſearch, and prevent diſcovery.

Thus altered in our appearance, armed with our ſabres and our piſtols, provided with a conſiderable ſum in gold, with ſome trinkets, and all the jewels of Lodoiſka, we take leave of Miciſlas, and make haſte to regain the woods.

Pulaſki now communicates to us the deſign which he had formed of taking refuge in Turkey. He hoped to be employed in a ſituation equal to his rank and his abilities, in the armies of the grand ſignior, who had for the two laſt years with ſome difficulty ſuſtained a diſaſtrous war againſt the Ruſſians.

Lodoiſka did not appear in the leaſt affrighted at the long journey which we had to make; and as ſhe could neither be known nor ſought after, ſhe inſiſted upon going out to reconnoitre the adjacent country, and at the ſame time charged herſelf with the fatiguing but important taſk of bringing us the proviſions which we ſtood in need of.

As ſoon as the day appeared, we retired into the wood: hid either in the trunks of trees, or in the thick groves of pines, we waited impatiently for the return of night, on purpoſe to continue our march. It was thus that, during ſeveral weeks, we were enabled to eſcape from the ſearch of a multitude of different bodies of Ruſſian troops, who were ſent out on purpoſe to diſcover us and who purſued us like ſo many blood-hounds, animated with the paſſions of hatred and revenge.

One day as Lodoiſka, ſtill diſguiſed as a peaſant, returned from a neighbouring hamlet, where ſhe had gone on purpoſe to purchaſe the proviſions which ſhe was now conveying to us, two Ruſſian marauders attacked her at the entry of the foreſt in which we were concealed.

After having robbed, they prepared to ſtrip her. At the ſhrieks which ſhe uttered we haſten from our retreat, and the two ruffians betake themſelves to flight upon our appearance; but we were greatly alarmed leſt they ſhould recount this adventure to their companions, whoſe ſuſpicions arouſed by this ſingular rencounter, might induce them to come and drag us from our aſylum.

After a moſt fatiguing journey, we enter Poleſia.* Pulaſki wept at leaving his native country.

"At leaſt," exclaims he with a mournful accent—"at leaſt I have faithfully ſerved you, and I now only go into exile that I may be enabled to ſerve you again."

* *Poleſia is a name given to the palatinate of Breſte in Lithuania; Breſte, Breſcia, or Breſſe, is ſituated upon the banks of the river Bog. T.*

So many fatigues had exhauſted the ſtrength of Lodoiſka. Arrived at Novogorod,† we reſolve to ſtop there on purpoſe to give her time to recover her ſtrength. It was our deſign to remain ſome days, but ſome of the country people whom we queſtioned, frankly informed us, that a number of troops were in motion in that neighbourhood, on purpoſe to arreſt a certain perſon of the name of Pulaſki, who had occaſioned the king of Poland to be taken priſoner, and carried off from the midſt of his own capital.

Juſtly alarmed at this intelligence, we remain but a few hours in this town, where we, however, found means to purchaſe ſome horſes without being diſcovered.

(To be continued.)

† *There are ſeveral towns of this name in Ruſſia. This ſeems to have been Novogorod Welicki, or Great Novogorod, the capital of a Duchy of the ſame name.* T.

THE GENEROUS SAILOR.

A FEW weeks ago, I remember it was on a rainy morning, as I was walking along one of the back ſtreets of this city, I was very much ſtruck with the melancholy figure of a man, who was endeavouring to excite charity, by ſinging a love-ſick ballad. Miſery could not have found among the number of her diſtreſſed mortals, a form more ſuited to her nature.

Whilſt I was contemplating the wretchedneſs of the object, and comparing it with the ſtrain which neceſſity compelled him to chaunt; a ſailor, who came whiſtling along the ſtreet, with a ſtick under his arm, ſtopped and purchaſed a ballad of him. God preſerve you! cried the blind man, for I have not taſted bread this bleſſed day: When the ſailor looking round him for a moment, ſprung up four ſteps into a baker's ſhop, near which he ſtood, and returned immediately; thruſt a ſmall loaf quietly into the poor man's hand, and went on whiſtling as he came.

I was ſo affected with this ſingular act of generoſity, that I called the honeſt ſeaman back to me, taking the little ſilver I had about me, which I think was no more than four ſhillings; thy nobleneſs of ſoul, ſaid I, and the goodneſs of thy heart, my lad, which I have ſeen ſo bright an inſtance of, makes me ſorry that I cannot reward thee as thou doſt deſerve. I muſt, however, beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a ſmall teſtimony how much I admire thy generous nature. God bleſs your noble honour! ſaid the ſailor, and thank you; but we will divide the money fairly; ſo, ſtepping back to the blind man, he gave him half of it; and clapping him upon the ſhoulder at the ſame time, he added withal, here are two ſhillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but a noble gentleman who ſtands within five yards of you; ſo get into harbour and make thyſelf warm, and keep the hum-ſtrum for fair weather. Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head, he thanked me again, and went nimbly down the ſtreet.

Would the money-loving man have obſerved this blind ſongſter? If he had, would his eyes have been open, or ſenſes awake to the noble act of the honeſt ſeaman? Or if he had, would he not have ſheltered himſelf in the old obſervation—that ſailors get their money like horſes, and ſpend it like aſſes!—If this be ſo, I thank my propitious ſtars that I am not a money-loving man.

It is, I believe, pretty generally agreed, that, in the eye of mankind, the ſchemes and deſigns of men derive their principal merit and eclat from their ſucceſs alone; while individuals are diſpoſed to eſtimate things according to the labour and pains which they have beſtowed in acquiring them. We can, therefore, no longer wonder that they, whoſe lives have been one continued ſcene of toil and trouble in acquiring money, ſhould be tenacious of poſſeſſing it, and derive their importance from it. But be that as it may, poor as I am, and poor as I am like to be, I would not forego the diſpoſition of mind, to which I owe the honeſt pleaſure I received from the generous deed of the ſailor, for all the riches which have been acquired by money-loving men, from the time of Tyre and Sidon to the preſent hour.

I do not affect to deſpiſe riches; on the contrary I wiſh to be rich. But God, who reads my heart, knows that it is not from any ſordid motive, or from any ſuperiority that wealth may give me; but that I might extend the circuit of my benevolence, and practiſe the duties, as well as ſee the ſentiments of charity.

The rich have no real advantage over others, but in this delightful employment of exerciſing their wealth for the purpoſes of beneficence. The ſecret ſigh which I heave for the wretched, and the ſilent tear which I ſhed over the miſerable, however unaccompanied they may be with actual almſgiving, are equally recorded in the volume of Heaven, with the moſt bountiful acts of charity; and we well know, that in a future world, the contents of that volume will determine our final ſtate and unalterable allotment.

EPITAPH for VOLTAIRE.

Here he depoſited
The aſhes of VOLTAIRE.
This man
"In poetry was—much,
In politics was—ſomething,
In religion was—nothing at all."
He was Chief of a herd of Freethinkers,
Who affected the belief and practice of a certain
ſyſtem of morality,
Which they had the hardihood to maintain
as ſuperior to revealed religion.
But VOLTAIRE, to his own diſgrace,
And to the mortification of his followers,
Did in his own perſon give the lye
To their viſionary hypotheſis.
For,
Under the influence of this new fangled creed,
He, like many others of the confraternity,
Became notorious
For the want of HONOUR,
The want of VERACITY,
And the want of common HONESTY.
Reader, when thou reflecteſt,
That among the higheſt orders of mankind,
The only reſtraint on *Powerful Tyranny*,
Wild Deſire, *Mad Ambition* and *Oppreſſive Avarice*, is RELIGION.
And that among the ſubordinate ranks of thy
Fellow-Creatures,
The ſame PRINCIPLE
Is their great ſupport and conſolation under
Every ſpecies of adverſity,
Thou wilt perceive,
That the man who endeavours to invalidate its
authority,
And diminiſh its influence,
Is an enemy to the *Well-being* and *Harmony* of *Society*.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER.

PROPITIOUS Heaven, O lend an ear;
Give a kind anſwer to my prayer;
Lo here I come with due ſubmiſſion,
And humbly offer my petition.
I aſk not honor, wealth, or fame;
Trifles like theſe I would not name;
Nor ſplendid dreſs, nor rich attire,
'Tis none of theſe I moſt admire,
My pray'r is ſhort, O grant it then!
'Tis but a word—give me a MAN;
Nor would I wiſh to pick and chooſe,
Him who is ſent I'll not refuſe,
'Tis not the gay, the rich, the brave,
The hero, beau, or parſon grave,
I'd be content, (I'm ſure I can)
With any common-clever MAN.
My beauty fades, my bloom decays,
Increaſing wrinkles plough my face,
My languid cheeks grow pale and wan,
I cannot yet obtain a MAN.
The pinching cold oft makes me dread
To ſpend the loneſome night in bed;
Alas my fate how vain each plan!
When—when ſhall I obtain a MAN!
Whilſt vernal bloom bluſh'd in my face,
And ev'ry tongue pronounc'd my praiſe,
To me gay fortunes made their court,
But none could move my haughty heart.
Ye happy days, how are ye paſt!
And I am left a Maid at laſt:
And juſtly too; for I've neglected
Thoſe whom I ought to have reſpected—
Forgive me, Heaven; my tears ſhall tell
What ſorrows in my heart I feel,
View with propitious eye my grief,
And ſend a MAN to my relief.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED.

—On Monday evening, the 22d inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, ROBERT E. GRIFFITH, Eſq. of this city, to Miſs MARIA PATERSON, daughter of John Paterſon, Eſq. of Lanſingburg in the State of New-York.

CONSTANT FREEMAN, Eſq. Major of artillery in the army of the United States, to Miſs Cox, daughter of Mr. Moſes Cox, merchant, of this city.

—On Tueſday evening the 23d inſt. by the Rev. Thomas Uſtick, Mr. HUGH M'KINLEY to Miſs MARY MARTIN, both of this city.

—On Thurſday evening the 25th inſt. by the Rev. Thomas Uſtick, Mr. BENJAMIN CLINTON, to Miſs DEBORAH VAN SCIVER, both of this city.

JAMES MOLAN,
SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN-MIDWIFE,
No. 7 Prune ſtreet, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER viſiting the principal iſlands in the Weſt-Indies, where he executed his Profeſſion, and was employed as a Surgeon, both in the Engliſh and French Hoſpitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans, ſcales, and makes artificial Teeth; performs every operation in the human Mouth, extracts teeth and ſtumps with peculiar eaſe.

N B The poor may have his aſſiſtance gratis.
Jan. 27.

Court of Apollo.

—***—

THE CHOICE.

AWAKE, my Muſe! awake, and ſing
Of all my fancy would deſire;
While, fluttering on her ærial wing,
Or touch'd with thy etherial fire.

Inſpir'd by thee, I learn to fly
The gilded follies of the day:
To keep my thoughts from tow'ring high,
To mad Ambition's pompous way.

Perhaps, unguided by thy aid,
I might have lov'd the heights of pow'r;
Have ſigh'd to ſport the gay parade,
The tinſel mortal of an hour.

Me, now, far other views engage,
For, ſick with ev'ry vulgar joy,
I fly the projects of the age,
To Reaſon's charms, which never cloy.

O give my ſoul content to know,
In whatſoever ſtation plac'd:
Nor raiſe me high, nor ſink me low,
But let the medium line be trac'd!

Enough of Fortune's goods I'd have,
To keep me from dependent ſtate;
The frowns of Poverty to brave,
Or domination of the Great.

Enough each comfort to procure,
Which gives to life a pleaſing zeſt;
And ſomething over, for the poor,
The ſtranger, and the weak oppreſs'd.

And O! to cheer the hours of life,
Grant, mighty Heav'n! thy chiefeſt boon—
The bleſſing of a virtuous wife!
A gift thou can'ſt not give too ſoon.

And, might I dare the choice define,
Pourtray the mouldings of her frame;
Let grace in every action ſhine,
And modeſty her worth proclaim!

Let ſoft good-nature paſſion ſtill;
And mildneſs ſpeak the feeling ſoul,
That could the cares of life fulfil,
And ev'ry idle wiſh controul.

Though pride ſhould never touch her breaſt,
Nor ſighs to mingle with the gay;
I'd have her always neatly dreſs'd,
And thus her perſon beſt diſplay.

To ſuch a wife I could diſcloſe
The inmoſt ſecrets of my heart;
Each trifling project, as it roſe,
And ev'ry growing wiſh impart.

And, ſure, if bliſs, the earth contains,
It dwells where Love and Peace reſide;
Where confidence unbounded reigns,
And peeviſh paſſions ne'er divide.

Yet one thing more, to crown our lot,
To pleaſure youth, to comfort age—
Let not the infant be forgot,
Whoſe ſmiles ſhould both our hearts engage.

Thus, held in Friendſhip's ſilken ties,
Muſt each domeſtic pleaſure know;
And health enhance the hour that flies,
Till life ſhall ebb, no more to flow.

THE TRAVELLER:

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

AS ſoon as I perceived the firſt ſparkling fires of day, I mounted my aſs and took the path which leads to the high road of Babylon; ſcarce was I there when in raptures I exclaimed, O how my eyes do wander with joy o'er yon green hills! with what delicious perfumes theſe flow'ry meadows embalm the air! I am in a beautiful avenue, my aſs and I may retire under the ſhade of its trees when it ſhall ſeem good unto us. How ſerene the heavens! how fine a day! how pure the air I breathe! well mounted as I am, I ſhall arrive before duſk.

Whilſt I uttered theſe words, beſotted with joy, I looked kindly down upon my aſs, and gently ſtroking him. From afar I ſee a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a ſerious and diſdainful air, all cloathed in long purple robes, with belts and golden fringes, interſperſed with precious ſtones. Their camels ſoon came up with me I was dazzled with their ſplendor, and humbled by their grandeur. Alas! all my endeavours to ſtretch myſelf ſerved only to make me appear more ridiculouſly vain. Mine eyes did meaſure them inceſſantly; ſcarce did my head reach their ancles; I was ſorely vexed from the bottom of my ſoul, nevertheleſs I did not give over following them.

Then did I wiſh that my aſs could raiſe himſelf as high as the higheſt of camels, and fain would I have ſeen his long ears peep o'er their lofty heads. I continually incited him by my cries, I preſſed him with my heels and my halter; and though he quickened his pace, yet ſix of his ſteps ſcarce equalled one of the camel's. In ſhort we loſt ſight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. What difference, cried I, between their lot and mine? Why are they not in my place? or why am I not in theirs? Wretch that I am! I ſadly journey on alone upon the vileſt and the ſloweſt of animals; they on the contrary——happy they!——would bluſh to have me in their train; ſo deſpicable am I in their eyes!

Buſied in theſe reflections, and loſt in thought, my aſs finding I no longer preſſed him, ſlackened his pace, and preſently ſtopped to feed upon the thiſtles. The graſs was goodly; it ſeemed to invite him to reſt; ſo he laid him down: I fell; and like unto him who from a profound ſleep awaketh in ſurpriſe, ſo was I on a ſudden awakened from my meditations.

As ſoon as I got up, the voice of thouſands came buzzing in my ears; I looked around, and behold a troop ſtill more numerous than the former. Theſe were mounted as poorly as myſelf; their linen tunicks the ſame as mine; their manners ſeemed familiar; I addreſt the neareſt. Do your utmoſt, ſays I, you will never be able, mounted as you are, to overtake thoſe who are a-head of you.

Let us alone, ſays he, for that; the madmen! they riſk their lives; and for what! to arrive a few minutes before us. We are all going to Babylon, an hour ſooner or later, in linen tunick, or purple robes, on an aſs, or a camel, what matters it, when one is arrived! Nay, upon the road, ſo you know how to amuſe yourſelf! You for example: what would have become of you had you been mounted on a camel? Your fall, ſays he, would have been fatal. I ſighed and had nothing to reply.

Then, looking behind me, how great was my ſurprize to ſee men, women, and children, following us a-foot, ſome ſinging, others ſkipping on the tender graſs; their poor backs bowed under their burdens. Then, cried I, tranſported beyond myſelf, they go to Babylon as well as I: and is it they who rejoice? And is it I who am ſad! When on a ſudden my oppreſſed heart became light, and I felt gentle joy flow within my veins.

Ere we got in, we overtook the firſt party; their camels had thrown them, their long purple robes, their belts, and gold fringes interſperſed with diamonds, were all covered with mud. Then, ye powerful of the earth; even then it was I perceived the littleneſs of human grandeur; but the juſt eſtimation I made of it did not render me inſenſible to the misfortunes of others.

—***—

SONNET.

Founded on a Scene in London.

POOR helpleſs Fanny, ſee her rove
Neglected by her faithleſs love,
Ah! ſee her ſtroll along,
Through many ſtreet, and dreary lane,
Her daily pittance hard to gain,
She carols ſweet her ſong.

Each chilling night with heavenly ſound,
She charms the liſt'ning throng around
With notes, ſweet, clear and high;
I ſtood amaz'd ſuch ſounds to hear,
When by the moon I ſaw a tear
Fall from her azure eye.

Her infant on her boſom lay,
The fruits, ah! of that wretched day
When ſhe gave looſe to love;
Her ſoften'd ſounds ſooth'd it to reſt,
As it lay on that panting breaſt
That would a ſtoic move.

Alas! poor girl, I can't deny
The falling tear, the heaving ſigh,
For thy poor wretched ſtate,
By artful language, perjur'd tongue,
Thy too fond heart, alas! was won,
And ſeal'd thy wandering fate.

Where's now the gay, the tinſel'd croud
That ſpoke and ſung thy praiſe aloud,
And ſwore how much they lov'd!
Where's now the flatt'ring, wond'ring throng,
When Fanny tript the dance along,
Or mazy minuet mov'd!

Where's now the Lord, the Cit, the Knight,
Who ſwore by Sol (or thou more bright!)
Or where's that wealthy 'Squire,
Who enraptur'd ſtood to hear thy ſtrain,
To hear thy ſong of joy or pain,
Or touch the trembling lyre!

Where's now the man whoſe heart you won,
Whoſe blood with fluttering tricklings ran
Through each enraptur'd vein!
Alas! he's gone, the ſpoiler's fled,
Stole innocence, and in its ſtead
Left fell remorſe and pain.

Printed and Publiſhed by
WILLIAM T. PALMER,
No. 18, North Third-Street,
PHILADELPHIA.